Actor's Sane and Sincere Pre-

sentation of Melancholy Dane

Is Enthusiastically Re-Wel-

CHARACTERIZATION BETTER.

the same and sincere Hamlet of Sothern

At the Garden Theatre last night this

most interesting of latter-day Danes

("best since Booth," say the old-timers)

received a re-welcome which gave

ground for the delightful suspicion that New York is in danger of becoming

It seems too good to be true, but with

what a sigh of relief poor, drudging Mr

Fitch would accept the indefinite vaca-

cheerfully if we could only be "broke

And familiar quotations "go" at the Garden Theatre. Everything with a

y and reserve their demonstrations for

sobful creation in the beginning, and

quired a few-just a few-Irvingisms of the lower limbs-which would be a pity.

But one can't be certain of trifling de

tails after only one sitting, and, in any case, they don't count for much in a

subtleties of acting that escape the mul-

Fifth Reader flavor about it wins hearty round of applause from the in-

'broke" to the bard.

to Shakespeare!

Seaman in Jamaica and Is I'm not sure that Sothern hasn't ac-

KINGSTON, Jamaica, Dec. 31.-Trouble performance which is one of the most

s threatened at Savanna La Mar, on the poetic, lofty and moving within reach

MANSFIELD MEN IN LIVELY DANCE

Star's "Personal Representatives" to the Number of Six or More Tumble Over Each Other Serving Him.

STORY OF A BAD "DRAWFT."

No Sultan of Sulu or King of Ki-Ram ever had a more fearsome set of slaves than the half dozen or so "personal representatives" who dance attendance or Richard Mansfield.

This was amusingly illustrated the other evening on the stage of the Herald Square Theatre when the mighty and muscular Mansfield suddenly cried out: "I feel a drawft!" Instantly there was energetic commo

tion on the part of the "personal representatives" who happened to be around and those who were not there were sent for in all speed. Meanwhile, Sir Richard kept repeating

the distressing line, "I feel a drawft,"
occasionally alternating with a savage:
"What a barn of a place!"
When all the "personal representa-

tives" had excitedly arrived they immediately organized themselves into a tissue-paper squad and went reconnoitering for the "drawft." They went at it in regulation comic-

opera style, though not following the method of George Ade's monarch, who wets his finger, then sticks it up to find out from what quarter the wind is com-Each of the "personal representatives"

ermed himself with a sheet of flimsy tissue, and holding it aloft with his two hands, went here, there and everywhere to see if he could find any clue to the demnition "drawft."

Finally, it is said, the "drawft" was discovered coming gently through the peephole of the drop-curtain. Whereupon, it is reported, Richard

"Close the peephole for my engagement. It is an unhealthful and barbaric relic of an inartistic age!"

the little office in the front of the theatre and watch the vulgar-proceeding with great solemnity. They were in the midst of the sordid rite the other night when Mr. Mansfeld under the piro has been brought back and is in other night when Mr. Mansfield's valet the Tombs awaiting the formality of a

"Does he want me?" "Does he want me?"

"It's the figure of a woman," answered the grinning joker.

Among the stories Archie Grant is telling at Keith's is one concerning the tumble from the water wagon which John L. Sullivan recently took in Detroit.

"I went to the jail to see John L. after his arrest," related Grant. "Come in and make yourself at home, said Sullivan from the other side of the bars. How am I going to get is?" (Crawl through the bars; I could if I was as small as you are, you shrimp! answered the hospitable ex-monologist."

Now that Christmas week is past business at the theatres is once more boom-

Now that Christmas week is past business at the theatres is once more booming. Last week the audiences were composed principally of "deadheads," theatrical folk who were in town taking their annual mid-season compulsory ("lay off."

New York managers are notoriously generous in the matter of issuing passes to members of the profession, and this, despite the fact that they say they don't like to see stage people in their houses.

"Notwithstanding that they see the show without its costing them a cent they're always disposed to 'knock,' "said a Broadway manager. "They seem to delight in letting every one near them hear them criticise the performance, and when they leave town they do the same thing on trains and in hotels. They're an ungrateful lot!"

Wonderfully ingenious names are those which some of the "Sultan of Spiu" girls have. Take one of these long winter evenings and learn these by heart: Beryl Gomez, Effie Hasty (sometimes called 'Hasty Effie), Austral of The Called T

FIRST OF TRUST STEAMERS.

The Philadelphia Carries Papers of New International Company.

The steamer Philadelphia has cleared for Southampton, the first of the trust steamers to sail with the papers of the International Mercantile Marine Company. In the future the papers of the American, Red Star, White Star and Leyland lines will bear the name of the Morgan trust.

The Freeman's Journal Sold. COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 81.-The COOPERSTOWN, N. I., Dec. 81.—The Freeman's Journal, the official Democratic organ of Otsego County, and one of the oldest country weeklies in the State, has been bought by George H. Carley, who assumes control Jan. I. Samuel M. Shaw, the present editor, has been owner and editor for more than half a carrying.

MRS.LANGTRY'S GORGEOUS NEW GOWNS SOTHERN LIKED TALK OF THEIR HIT, BUT SCORE HER PLAY



TO SET FREE MAN

Justice Hale Approves Report Declaring Charles Shapiro Sane After 5 Years in Asylum.

Justice Hall's last act as a Judge of he Supreme Court was to sign an order onfirming the report of Drs. Austin Flint and Ralph Waldo and Lawyer Henry Thompson, as Commissioners to examine and report on the mental condi-"Sounting-up hour" is another time tion of Charles Shapiro, who shot his that brings the "personal representa-rival to death in Shari Zadek synagogue tives" into mass play. They gather in in Henry street. He has been in Mattea-

appeared-like Banquo's ghost-upon the trial. Justice Hall also ordered Comp-scene. troller Grout to pay \$200 each to the Commission, \$229.55 to the stenographer, Samuel J. Siegel, and \$100 to Alex S

"Does he want me?"

Thus, in turn, the "personal representatives" made eager and auxious inquiry of the desires of their illustrious chief. And when the valet silently pointed his finger at one of them, the "personal representative" designated leaped quickly to his feet and sped fleetly through the door.

Next to Mansfield, the valet is most facared, for he is "next" to Mansfield and a good many other things that would make good stories.

Samuel J. Siegel, and \$100 to Alex S. Rosenthal, the attorney who has followed Shapiro's case from the beginning. District-Attorney Jerome assented to both orders.

Charles Shapiro and Louis Lelberman loved the same maiden, Yetta Gordon. Shapiro shot Lieberman on the threshold of the synagogue and he and Miss Gordon entered, as he thought, for a weedling. Shapiro's insanity was apparent, and he was sent to Matteawan. The girl married another man.

Shapiro was a Polish baker, fresh in America. No— he is not only cured, but he has been taught to speak, read

The nervous little foreigner who does the blackboard work for Mme. Konorah, the lightning calculator at Keith's has his own troubles with facetious individuals whom he asks to put down figures on small slates which he distributes. As soon as some people get those slates in their hands, the old, mischievous spirit of their schooldays seems to seize them.

"What figure is this?" asked the puzzled victim of a prank, studying a slate which was returned to him at yesterday afternoon's performance.

"It's the figure of a woman," answered the grinning joker.

Among the stories Archie Grant is tumble from the water wagon which John L. Sullivan recently took in Detroit.

"I went to the jail to see John L.

The Police Commissioner, through Prescition of \$20,000 to run the Police Department. The Commissioners contend that the present appropriation of \$30,000 to run the Mount Vernon.

There have been so many burglaries around that city that the Commission-

When Mrs. Langtry had left her dressing-room, and they were sure that she ad gone last night, the principal members of her company-tne Gowns-talked itall over.

"There is one thing, dears," said the White Tulle, slipping gracefully from its hook and settling in graceful folds on the floor, "no matter hoy Lily feels, we Mate of a Brig Shoots a Negro should feel satisfied."

"Yes, indeed," agreed the Pink Velous, sinking down beside the first speaker, 'all the critics spoke perfectly lovely of us. But, my, weren't they mean to 'The

"Dreadful," sighed the pale-blue House Gown. "They didn't even say it was fairly respectable. That's what hurt me most I feel, being the House Gown, that the burden of proof, so far as respectability goes, rests on me. You know what a delicate position I'm usually placed in. I repeat, that I think it would have been only just for the reviewers to have taken some notice of my respectability, especially after what my poor sister passed through over there three seasons ago in "The Degenerates."

"Please don't speak of the dead," implored the Blue Foulard.

"Well, I guess that's what we're doing when we're discussing 'The Crossretorted the House Gown, with a show of matronly warmth. "As the man said who looked at the battered trunk we came in, 'They didn't do a thing

"Do you think it got what it deserved?" asked the little Pink Bolero, looking lown from its upper berth, noting the fact that the Velours was doubling up its "I know that it got it and got it good," replied the House Gown, with the

nphasis of conviction. "I certainly hope it didn't deserve anything worse." "Don't you think the King's indorsement had something to do with it?" languidly inquired the Mantle, laying its mousseline de sole cheek on its pink

"Do you know," said the House Gown, lowering its voice to a whisper, "I'm nclined to think His Majesty didn't do the play any good. He might make the best kind of press agent in England, but I'm afraid he couldn't be trusted to get he right kind of stuff in the papers over here.

"The trouble is he doesn't exercise the same censorship. If he could have afted himself to a box in the Garrick Monday night and told Lily that she and the play were all right, and then called over the critics and told them to take heir cut from him and play a balk-line game, things might have turned out

"Now, really," interposed The Mantle, "what do you think about the play?" blame lays on your shoulders. When you went trooping off to the opera you should have seen that something more interesting happened than did happen between your mistress and the gentleman who didn't happen to be your husband. The trouble is—to borrow another Americanism—'there's nothing doing,'" and the handsome beribboned Point d'Alencon trembled with a sigh of regret.

"But don't you think the King's seal is worth more than a good plot and lots of action?" asked the White Tulle, thoughtfully tracing the lines of silver in its embroidered bodice. "Not in America," was the decisive answer

"Not in a thousand," added slangy little Bolero, "It may be that the King can do no wrong, but it's nevertheless true that he

an do harm-and that's exactly what I think he has done in this case," declared he House Gown. "Do you mean to say you thing that if the King had kept his seal off "The Cross-Ways' it would have gone?" asked The Bolero. "It might not have gone far, but it wouldn't have started with a handicap,

said the House Gown. uccess, any way.'

over for another play



WHAT A SAMPLE BOTTLE OF SWAMP-ROOT DID.

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W. F. Lohnes, a prominent business man, of Springfield, O., writes nocents, while the knowing ones—the the following strong endorsement of the great kidney remedy, Swamp-hardened play-tasters—frown impatient- Root, to the Editor of the Springfield, Ohio. Republic:

Springfield, O., Feb. 21, 1901. "Having heard that you could procure a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, free by mail, I wrote to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle and it was promptly sent. I was so pleased after trying the sample bottle in the sample bottle and it was promptly sent. I was so pleased after trying the sample bottle in the sample bottle of Swamp-Robert Swa ooth," you know) has not been stand- bottle that I sent to the drug store and procured a supply. I have used ng still. It has gained in height and Swamp-Poot regularly for some time, and consider it unsurpassed as a lepth, in knowledge and sureness and remedy for torpid liver, loss of appetite and general derangement of the fire and meaning. I'm not sure that it digestive functions. I think my trouble was due to too close confinement in hasn't lost just a little of the pitifulness my business. I can recommend it highly for all liver and kidney complaints. the young tender, helpless, motherless- I am not in the habit of endorsing any medicine, but in this case I cannot lamb sort of effect—which made it such a speak too much praise of what Swamp-Root has done for me." W. F. Lohnes.)
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is threatened at Savanna La Mar, on the southwest coast of this island, because of the shooting there yesterday of the colored Jamaican second mate of the American brig Sunlight by the first officer of that vessel, H. G. Gardner, of Maine. Word has reached here that the trouble arose on board the Sunlight over the color question and the crew left her and refused to return.

During the disturbance, it is said. Gardner fired at the second mate and probably fatally wounded him. A strong force of police was sent on board the brig to arrest Gardner, and it was with difficulty that he was overpowerel and taken to jail.

The police were compelled to guard the building to prevent native mobs from attacking it. The Sunlight was leading logwood for Roston.

Bottom and moving within reach of the playgoer of to-day.

Nothing much nearer perfection than the Sothern diction last night in the speech of the players has been heard in these parts without music. Cecilia Loftus's Ophelia is a little poem in itself-very little, you know, but with ever such a delicate, eifin flavor to it. Jennie Eustace's Queen is remarkable fro the human quality of her weeping, and the spiendidly senile Polonius of Edwin Varrey, the sympathetic Horatio of Henry J. Carvill, and the gruesome Gravediger of Rowland Buckstone are still admirable features of Mr. Sothern's reverent and artistic production.

FROM COLORED MOB

Now Guarded in Jail.

WHEN THEY'RE IN THE S World Ulmamac

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